

# The Viking's Mate Hunt

## Chapter 23 Attacked

Elisabeth/Eir's POV

I'm not really sure how to feel right now. I want to be angry with him, hate him even for what he did. What he is, and for me being here at all! But I couldn't. He might be cocky and irritate me to the point that I think I might lose my hair, but he was so considerate. In his own way, I guess. When he first realized what he had done or how it affected me more like it, he did everything he could to fix it. Even with birds chirping around me, the cold took over my whole body, so bad at one point that I struggled to do anything else but look empty at the dancing flames in front of me. Then he builds me a bed, a shelter. He gave me the hide and even his skirt thingy. Warm up some meat and boiled water with some herbs. It was sweet and warm!

He did all this for me. He was naked, claiming not to be cold. For me. Sitting on my bed of branches by the fire, I sipped on my warm tea, feeling it warm me from the inside out. Around the fireplace was nothing but a wall of darkness.

I leaned out of my comfy little place to sneak peek while he turned to his wolf, but I quickly crawled back. It sounded horrible! Bones breaking, weird snapping and shifting sound. Huffs, groans, and skin tearing. I also figured this would give me nightmares if I continued watching. Images of his back snapping, hunched down, his nose growing out of his face! It will follow me forever!

Closing my eyes, I tried to shut out the noises, they were horrible, and it all sounded so painful! I tried to prepare myself instead. A wolf, he would come back as a wolf. Or Fury would come back. It all sounded a bit strange. I never really thought about how their dynamics worked. In movies, it's always a person just shifting. Then he or she is the wolf, but Toke claims they are two different beings. Two souls sharing a mind and body, able to switch between.

My heart began to beat faster as I heard steps approaching. Looking over my little wooden-like cup, the beast emerged through the warm damp. I knew he was coming; I knew who he was, but I froze anyway. He was massive! Thick black fur, shining in the light from the dancing flames. He looked majestic.

Only his paw has to be the size of my head! My hands started shaking, I couldn't help it! Couldn't stop it! If he inhaled too quickly and hard, I'm sure he would be able to swallow me whole! Everything about this creature was threatening. His size, posture, his very existence! With wide eyes, I watched as he lay down. Flat on his stomach, stretching out his neck and placing his massive head between his paws. He didn't move for a long time, I just saw his brows slowly wiggle as his eyes looked up and around. A low whine followed by a sharp bark made me jump up high before I burst out laughing.

"You are an overgrown puppy, aren't you?"

The whine, yelping sounds, and high-pitched bark made him sound like a really impatient puppy waiting for his treat. His tail flapped the ground, not wagging, just the tip twitching in anticipation every time I looked at him or moved a muscle. My fear faded quickly, and he was gorgeous!

"You are gorgeous! "

His head lifted off the ground, and his tongue rolled out of his mouth.

"So much better looking than your human!"

I swear he smirked as he huffed and sat up. Lifted his head proudly, and I laughed. Before I could even take a new breath, the branches around me cracked and squeaked as he jumped up beside me. His thick fur brushed against my skin as he sniffed my hair, shoulder, and neck. I let him, but not before that massive wet tongue started licking from my shoulder up to my ear did I push him a little. He didn't move an inch, but he stopped. The heat from his body radiated like a nice expensive oven. Putting my cup down, I couldn't help myself anymore and reached out. My fingers disappeared into his black fur. So soft and, the fur seemed fluffy near his skin.

He smelled of sea breeze, fresh rain, and a hint of dark coffee. His scent filled my nostrils, filled my lounges and head, and made me smile. I had to laugh at myself. Here I was, brushing my finger through a wolf's fur in the middle of nowhere, and I smiled. Really smiled and felt happy. Such an incredible feeling in all this craziness. He seemed so content, so relaxed like he was just where he was supposed to be all along. The soft fur and warm and gentle smell must have lulled me to sleep. Fading from reality to dream, the black wolf was still there.

Running right beside me over a green field. His tongue hung out of its mouth as it sprinted, jumped, and just acted like a playing puppy! She laughed, no, I laughed, the little girl. The sun's rays licked my face as I squinted toward the bright light. I'm the little girl; the young girl is still me. At first, I thought it was Fury, a massive black wolf, but this wolf had a gray stripe down its back and ended with a light grey tip on the swagging tale. But I was safe, I felt safe here. I belonged here. I fell, face first giggling in the damped grass, and the wolf ran away from me. The cheer and happiness turned sour; I was the fastest! I'm supposed to win! He cheated. That's not fair! A child's feelings flashed through my mind, but they felt so real. I shouted at the wolf; anger boiled under my skin as I sat up. Refusing to run after the cheating creature!

Tiny arms crossed over my chest, and an angry tear made its way over my chubby cheek. The big black wolf came back and licked my tear away, but I was still mad! Glaring at the massive beats, I felt no fear. Not even for a second did it occur to me, this little girl, that this huge predator was a threat. A wet snout pressed against my cheek, but I, the little girl, swung at it and pouted. The wolf didn't even flinch, just circled around me before it lay down. I buried my face in his thick fur by his neck, me, the little girl. I was confused, but it was a sweet dream, a beautiful moment. I hear myself whine, muffled by the thick black coat,

"You cheated! I was winning. You cheated, dad!"

I drifted away. I can't remember feeling so safe and content while drifting into sleep. Calm, nothing in the world could harm me. Cared for. This sleep was effortless, I can't remember the last time I slept without one eye open or with my arms around myself. I was never safe, never with someone that would even sacrifice a penny for my life.

I frowned as the warmth beside me disappeared, not enough to make me wake up fully. Just noticing a change. Growls. My mind settled with it being Fury, but the sound grew. Teeth were snapping, one growled, and another one answered. My eyes flew open. It was still pretty dark, the fireplace only had a smoldering glow, but the flames had died. I had to blink several times, and as I slowly sat up, I quickly covered my mouth with both hands as I heaved for air.

Fury stood with his back turned to me. The fur along his spine stood up.

I could feel the rumbling sound from his chest vibrate through the air, sending shivers down my spine. This wasn't the playful sound I had heard earlier. Stalking towards him, facing me, came two wolfs out of the dark woods.

I could hear their teeth snap and growl, and the faint light from the rising sun revealed two massive wolves coming toward us. Ears flat down heads lowered. One of them leaped and charged at Fury, but my scream got caught in my throat, muffled by a hand sliding over my mouth and nose. The three wolves clashed together in a fight, but dizziness took over. Dark fog clouded my vision before there was nothing left. Growls, roars, and yelps, so far away, but even they disappeared into the darkness that devoured me.